

Yes, the boys may be kept on the farm if we make their mother pleased.

striving to understand the cause of their discontent, and place about the native communities such golden will as we may.

A fine oil has lately been discovered in the seeds of the *ocoba* plant, of a quality equal to olive oil.

There is no iron enough in the blood of thirty-two men to make a pig-iron of twenty-four pounds.

As it has been discovered that the jointed fishing rod was invented because one can't hide a long cane pole under his coat Sundays.

An old guard was recently killed in the name of the age of ninety. The name of the fortunate boarding house that drew the prize is not given.

weighing twenty-two pounds into Africa with him; and if a handle can be found, it will prove a most destructive weapon.

Mrs. Nye, of Iowa, can guarantee that she has never seen a pig, except in the shape of a picture. She says that her cows and feed the hogs while her husband feeds the chickens. Her two girls are playing a game of croquet.

At an anti-monopoly convention at Iowa, recently, some fellow bawled at the door: "Candidates are requested to leave a seat a few minutes." They very bravely withdrew stairs up and down until they had kept a dead stall who wanted to run for justice.

An English clergyman exclaimed in the company of his fellow preachers, "I have been disappointed by your ministrations now trying to me, you preaching?" "Indeed!" they said, "but we have no other way of hearing anyone else preach," he replied.

Brown coal comes from coal beds more recent than those of the carboniferous period; it is generally of a brownish-black color, and contains a considerable amount of bituminous coal. When the

road it is called lignite. Jet is a black variety of brown coal, compact in texture and lustrous. It is a good polish, and is much used in jewelry.

"Talk about your ragged edge of despair, just think of the supernatural alchemist, who after cutting a great spread among the tourists on an Erie palace car, has been seen in the act of squeezing, got up next morning, and is hunting all over the car for his false teeth, and accusing every passenger of having stolen them. He usually found them stowed away in his coat pocket."

It appears that Edna Dean Procter is a young gusher of about forty-eight years of age, and thereabouts. In the language of the *Century*, "she says it that our hounded revolutionary masters are under the sad and safe shadow of all danger of falling into the rack of the 'Platoons.'" If any of the General Washington's body servants is lying around loose yet, let them be jealously guarded from the contamination. *Century Journal*.

A sure cure for soft corns is to dip a bit of soft linen rag into turpentine, and wrap it around the soft corn; wet with turpentine, and change it morning and night. The corn will heal in a few days; but the relief to the throbbing, burning pain, comes almost immediately. Wear cotton between the toes and the corns will not reappear.

A pauper in the Delaware county, N. Y., somehow is so severe as being afflicted with the corns. He expends that for a pair of shoes, and a pair of stockings, and a pair of drawers, which he sold to the neighboring butchers. From means derived from the sale of these articles, he purchased a burial lot in a churchyard and a tombstone, with his name and

A wag walked into a saloon the other day in Emporia, where three men were sitting around the fireless stove. The three men were turned toward him. Apparently taking a mental census of the number of people in the room, the man ordered four beers at the bar and blandly ordered four sauses of beer. The boots that had earned the top of stove now sought the bottom of the bar, and the three men, mouths of tobacco, and all looked at the bar tender as he filled the glasses of beer. The man in a row on the bar, who had been drinking beer, now had his fingers rose and the stranger paid for beer. Then starting with the man in the row, he poured beer, he tipped all that the bar-tender had filled for him, and then he left the saloon. The three men were ruminant.

A New One on Grony.

A writer in the St. Paul Press tell a story on Horace Teseley. Horace Teseley is a writer in New York whose writing was equally

to note not being able to read, the recipient of the letter was told that it was back by the same messenger to Greeley for circulation. Supposing that the letter was from him, Greeley looked over it but like me was unable to read, and said to the messenger, "What does damned and mean?" and then to the boy, "that is just what he says."

Parting Under Difficulties

The farmers in the vicinity are having a pleasant time now. At daylight I got up and examined the holes in the wall and found the following: a smash cooking stove, a broken wash tub, a broken bedstead, a broken wash-bowl and breakfast. The women are devoted to washing the clothes of the men, and of their children, and after dinner, all have to chase with stall and brown the live grasshopper. In the evening a few of the men are seen, but not figuring how much they would be made had it not been for the men, and after a brief session of denunciation at the shrine of the grasshoppers, all the folks retire and sleep.

The grasshoppers' strike against window-panes, and within them the labors of another day.—*Golden Age*, Transient.

Can't Constitute a Legal Delivery.—The Superior Court at Boston, Mass., has ruled on the question whether a warehouse bill of lading, containing in the maker's store-room, having failed to pay for it, reduced to allow its sale, was at the buyer's or maker's risk. It having been determined that the bill of lading having been specially issued for the defendant, sent apart for and marked with his name, and in his knowledge, and nothing remaining in the warehouse, the bill paid the agreed price, he nevertheless was deemed to vest the title in, subject to plaintiff's lien for the price, and it remained in the plaintiff's hands until the bill was cashed by the (the buyer's) risk at the time of fire.